A

POEM

UPON

The New Marble

STATUE

Of His Preſent

MAJESTY,

Erected in the

Royal Exchange:

By the Society of Merchants Adventurers

OF

ENGLAND:

TOGETHER

With a Copy of the Inſcription

UPON THE

PEDESTALL.

London, Printed for *Randal Taylor*, near Stationers-Hall. 1684.

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Upon the New

STATUE

OF HIS

MAJESTY

Erected in the

Royal Exchange.

HAIL Noble Founders of this vaſt Deſign!
Hail Thou the Artiſt who with Skill Divine,
Couldſt ſhapeleſs Rock to this Perfection bring,
Worthy ſuch gen'rous Subjects, ſuch a King.
See, brave Adventurers with Triumph view,
What Miracles united Zeal can do.
What wonders loyal Gratitude can raiſe,
That thus makes lifeleſs Stone ſpeak *Cæſar*'s Praiſe!
Where, with the * Emblems of his Pow'r, are ſeen,
His God-like Features and majeſtick Meen.

* The Arms of the three Kingdoms carved upon the Sides of the *Pedeſtal.*

Nor do's this Piece that ſingle Glory Claim,
It ſpeaks with *Cæſar's*, Your's and *Britains* Fame;
That now can of a nobler Statue boaſt,
Than * *Italy* preſerv'd, or *Greece* e're Loſt.

Methinks I ſee Poſterity ſurvey
(For ſure ſuch Sacred work can ne're decay)
This Marble-*Cæſar*, with ſuch God-like Grace;
As both Adorns and Conſecrates the Place.
I hear them deſcant on his Awful Brow,
And Features that majeſtick Terrour throw,
Yet with ſuch condeſcending Goodneſs join'd,
Diſplaying all the Mercies of his Mind,
That thoſe Records they'll hold as falſe and vain,
That regiſter'd the Troubles of his Reign.

There was a Day (let Time for ever mourn
In Night, ere ſuch another Day return)

* The Eſteem that the Ancients had for Pictures and Statues of great Maſters is incredible: of which we have this famous Inſtance. When *Demetrius* had laid cloſe Siege to a chief Town in the Iſle of *Rhodes*; he firſt prepared to ſet Fire to ſome Buildings without the Walls: which were ſlenderly defended; whereupon the People within the Town ſent to him to make an Aſſault upon the City with all his Force, which if he could take by Storm the Buildings without would be his own; but if he proceeded to ſet Fire to them, he would deſtroy that famous Piece, fram'd by *Protogenes*, erected there. Which when it was once loſt, their Town was not worth his taking. Upon this Information, in reverence to that Work, he withdrew his Forces and ſpared the Town.

That

That on our Monarchs ſacred Form employ'd,
A Rage more dire than what his Life deſtroy'd:
The firſt aſſay'd a Monarch's Blood to ſpill,
The Second, Monarchy it ſelf to kill!
But late repenting years his * Image rais'd
More for the Zeal than Workman's Labour prais'd;
Yet by divine Inſtinct the Piece ſeems fram'd,
And for th' Event for ever ſhall be Fam'd,
Directly pointing with the Scepter'd Hand,
Where preſent *Cæſar* do's in Triumph ſtand,
While the tranſported Figure ſeems to ſay,
Look Britains, *our Eſtabliſht Heir ſurvey;*
See how th' Aſſaults of Faction are in vain;
My Race, Heavn's Choice, o'er Albion *ſtill muſt Reign;*
If from no other Source your Love will ſpring,
Let Int'reſt reconcile you to your King.
Since, in all frantick Changes you have paſt,
Heav'n firſt diſlik'd, and you your ſelves at laſt,
From thence at leaſt let now your Duty ſpring;
Know your own Int'reſt and Obey your King.

Once more, ye brave Adventurers all Hail!
So may th' Example you have ſet, prevail;

* The Statue of His late Majeſty erected (inſtead of that which was demoliſhed) by remarkable Accident, pointing to the Centre of the *Exchange*, where the new Figure of preſent Majeſty is placed.

Till each Society like yours ſhall join
(While yet we have an Artiſt ſo Divine)
To re-inſtall each * Monarch in his Shrine.
While we the riſing Figures ſhall admire, (Fire!
(As from the Worlds laſt Flame) more glorious for the
Till of *Rome's* Capitol th' Exchange has odds,
Our *Britiſh* Kings out-ſhine the *Roman* Gods.

All muſt confeſs who this warm Piece behold
That Marble now more precious is than Gold;
As if the Carver, with † *Pigmalion's* Art,
Did, while he fram'd the Limbs, the Soul impart.
He grew ennamour'd on his own Deſign,
But, modeſt *GIBBONS*, all the World on Thine.

This Honour, with juſt Gratitude is paid
By the firſt Maſters of the Oceans Trade.
No leſs the Figure with the Place agrees,
Where elſe ſhould ſtand the Monarch of the Seas?
Then let the World's united Treaſure meet
T' enrich Their Bank, with each returning Fleet,
Who lay their Hearts and Wealth at *Cæſar's* Feet.

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* The Statues of *Engliſh* Kings deſtroy'd in the general Conflagration.

† Reported by the Poets to have fram'd a Marble Nymph with which He fell in Love, and laying it to his Breaſt the Statue took Life.

The Inſcription.

CAROLO II. Cæſari Britannico;
Patriæ Patri;

Regi optimo, clementiſſimo, auguſtiſſimo;
Generis Humani Deliciis,
Utriuſque Fortunæ Victori;
Pacis Europæ Arbitro;
Maris Domino ac Vindici;

Societas Mercatorum Adventur'. Angliæ
Quæ per CCCC jam prope
Annos regia Benignitate floret,
Fidei intemeratæ Gratitudinis æternæ
Hoc Teſtimonium
Venerabunda poſuit.

Anno Sal. M.DCLXXXIV.